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THE LAMP L.J.C. 1980

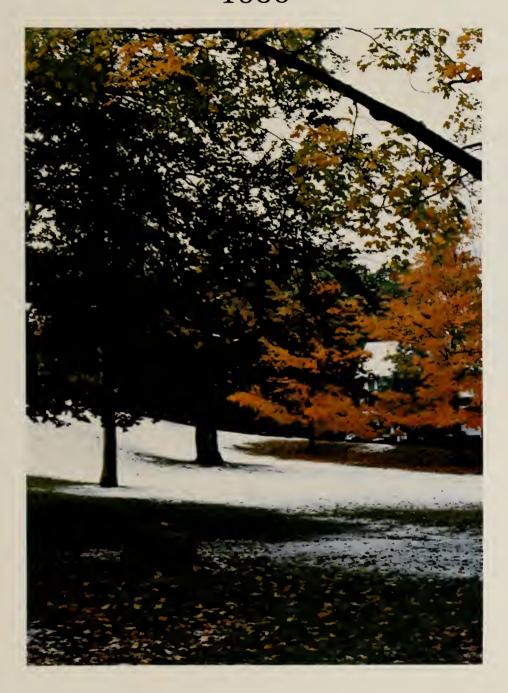


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The Struggle To Be



































SPECIAL PLACES

Rockport



The Cape



New Hampshire

REGISTRATION





















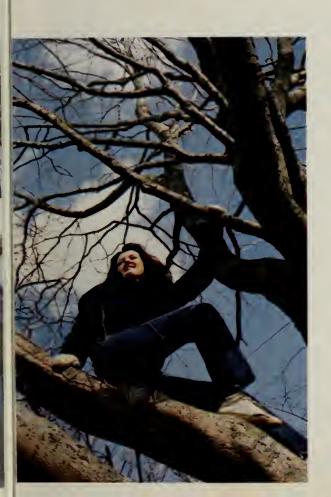


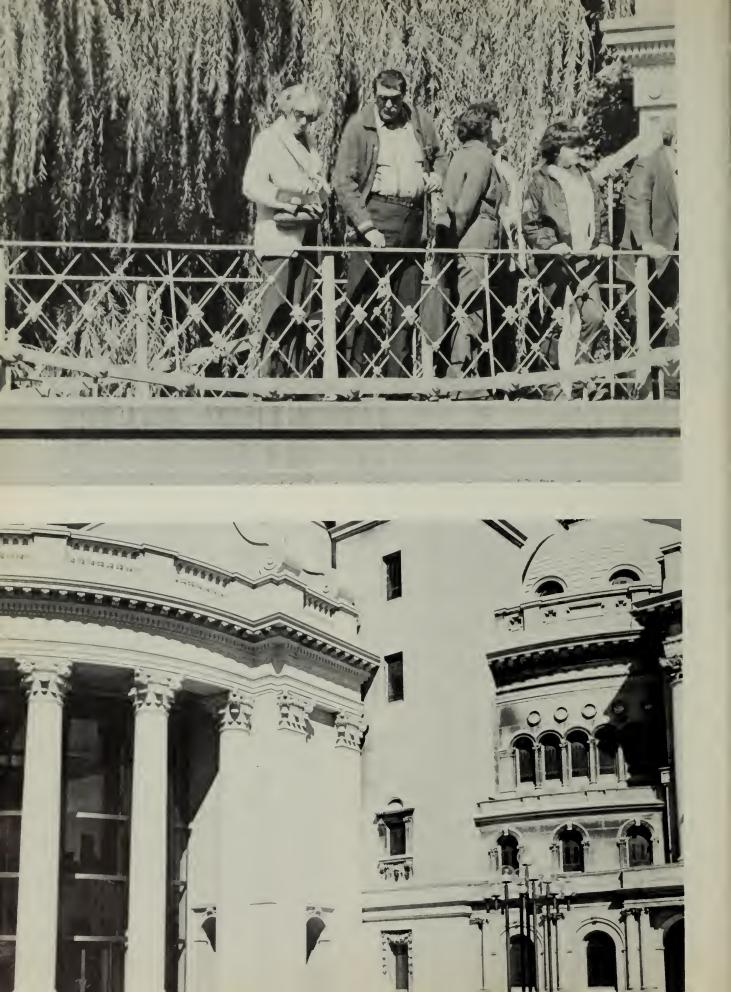






















Haskell Business Office



Ethel Guevin Assistant to the President



Dorothy Clark

Janet Bullock

Missing — Bonnie Bortle, Lucy Bovenzi Alumnae Affairs



Jeanne Johnson

Potter



Gerald Bazer Dean of Academic Affairs



Kim St. Seveur Assistant Dean of Students



Maureen Carey Registrar



Shirley Krasnigor

Marge Waxman



Helen Wallstrom Dean of Students

Irwin Admissions Office



Kristin Streiff Financial Aid Director



Harry Adamian — Dean of Admissions Tina Tecce, Susan Benson — Admission Assistants

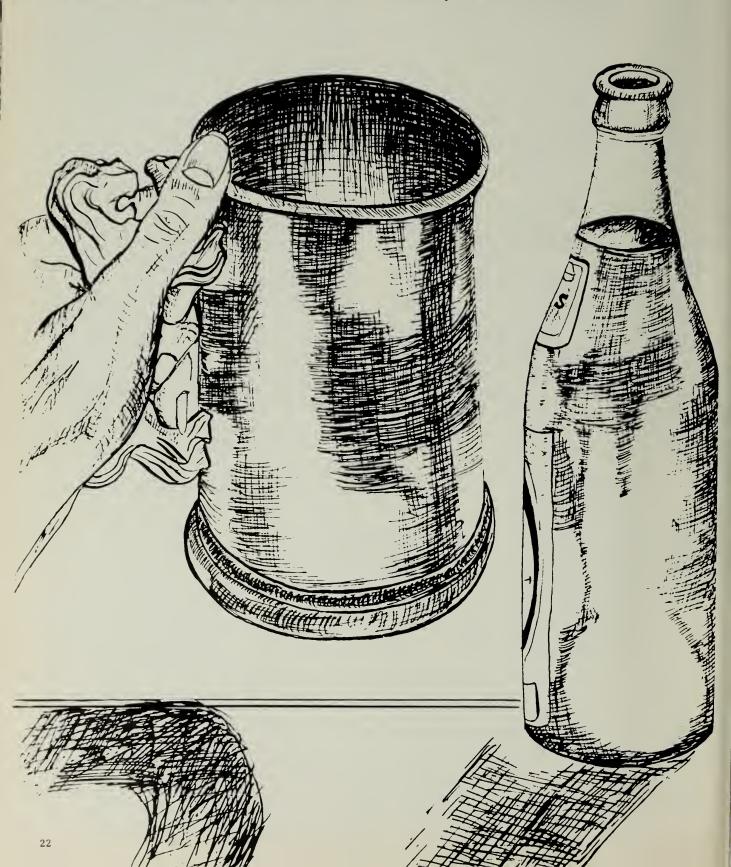


May Parker

Jackie Kurtz

Edna Williams

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, SENIORS

















Rebecca Ash







Joann Atherton

Melissa Belz





Susan Benker







Nancy Bergheim

Helen Biziak





Karen Bornstein



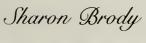
Deborah Braswell







Aimee Brightman







Latricia Brodeur







Latricia Bryson







Jennifer Burgoyne

Joanne Capizzi





Dianne Carey







Martha Carniglia





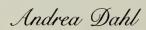


Nancy Gatten





Marcia Cope







Christine Der Avedisian



Kimberly Dernavich









Therese Dooley

Beth Dunn



Kathleen Doonan







Kay Erlanger



Maureen Fair







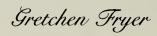
Dianne Fotiades



Marsha Fruman



Martha Fowler







Mary Fusaris



Janice Galusza









Wendy Gateman



Joanne Gildea







Sandra Goldblatt



Leslie Gorman

Caroline Grabau





Diane Greenwood

Edith Hackett





Kristen Gregory







Joette Hamel



Marie Hamel









Sharon Hathorne



Marjorie Hirsch







Joan Hurley







Jennifer Ide







Laurie Kahn



Joanne Kamis

Annette Kania





Janet Kashian



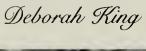
Amy Kenyon







Dorise Kilbourne







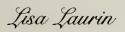
Valerie Kimball

Deborah Klein





Stella Kwok







Susan LaSalle

Cynthia Lawry







Bonnie Lemack



Jill Lessner









Kimberly Lincoln

Martha Little



Robin Lipsky







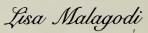
Lily Lowry







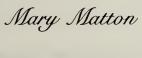
Deborah Lyons







Kathleen Manning







Sheila Marino

Kathleen McCabe





Maura McGarry

Lynn McGeehan



Karen McKee





Anne Mellin

Karen Montelone



Susan Messier







Lynne Moroney



Karen Nagle



Elsa Murdoch







Laurie Nelson

Jan Nevers



Glaire Neville



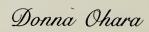




Jaclyn Newman



Deidre Nota



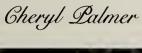




Deborah Ostrowski



Belinda Ann **L**age



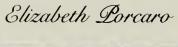


Sara **P**anto





Susan Parrino







Linda Peracchio

Allison Preece



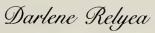


Jean Lunch





Therese Quinn







Emily Renz



Margaret Rico



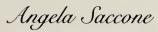




Martha Rohan



Teresa Rossetti





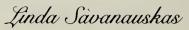


Cheri Saglio

Lynda Santoro



Geraldine Salvucci







Valerie Scales



Scales Deborah Scammon



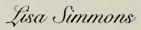




Susan Sgarzi



Lori Sharbaugh



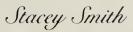




Deborah Shaw



Liane Sheehan







Ching Shyu Song







Gecily Spang





Marcia Stascavage

Debra Steinberg



Susan Stegenga



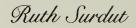




Barbara Sulikowski



Barbara Sullivan







Deborah Tessitore







Emily Thomas

Sue Toelle





Lynn Tokarczyk



Suzanne Tolajian

Gynthia Van Orden





Susan Vail

Linda Ventura



Pamela Varsamis









Cynthia Ward







Lisa Walto

Shelley Werner





Kathryn Whelan







Susan White







Lianne Williams



Martha Wright



Donna Wilson









Elizabeth Young

Susan Young



Marcy Young







Donna Stross



Kathleen Sullivan



MISSING PERSONS REPORT

Carol Angus Gwendolyn Armstead Ruth Arnow Lisa Aswad Pamela Bell Mindy Bierman Cheryl Boemer Jill Bower Maryann Brown Sheila Callahan Betty Chan Mary Francie Coakley Beth Cohen Kathleen Concannon Carol Connolly **Julie Costantini** Carolyn Cummings Patricia De Leo Kathy Dean Barbara Dellamorte Karen Demmer Mary Depass Ann Dignan Michele Dinardo Holly Dudek Paula Falcione Maureen Finlay Linda Fischler Marjorie Freeley Susan Goldberg Leslie Guerin Joyce Hansen

Karen Hansen Dawn Hayward Marita Headley Debbie Joensuu Lisa Kellogg Anne Killeen Susan Labretto Jayne Larson Pamela Lynde Charlene Maroney Lenora Morrissey Saralee Morse Karen Nicosia Mary O'Connor Michele Parent Diane Piazza Mary Pisco Sima Pooya Maria Rodrigues Nancy Selinger Cathy Stathopoulos Shelley Steinberg Eileen Stewart Sandra Stone Georgia Studley Brenda Summerlin Wendy Thompson Madonna Trayers Deanne Vincent Debra Ward Joanne Wedge Wendy Zimmer





Carnival Capers

















PARENTS WEEKEND



















Students, family, friends, and administration come together on River Day to forget everything, and just have fun. There is a sharing of strength, determination, laughter, and victory.





With grim facial expressions, a fast heart beat, shortness of breath, and aching muscles, were all experienced by a team. The will to work together brought them across the finish line.













THE HALLOWEEN BANQUET — FUN AND GAMES!!!!!



Converse and Vista are congratulated for winning first place for Halloween Costumes.















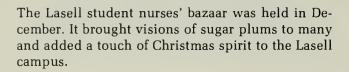


















NURSES BAZAAR







The Medical Assistants Club got underway quickly this year starting things rolling with a fashion show. The uniform that was chosen will be worn by the M.A.'s at their pinning.



NTERNATIONAL C L U B

THE GIRL IN THE MASK
IS HAVING A BLAST
WALKING TOWARDS THE PINATA.
ALL OF A SUDDEN WITH A LOUD
CRASH CAME ALL THE WONDERFUL
SURPRISES WITH A CLATTER!!





THE INTERNATIONAL CHRISTMAS BANQUET.





THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB HELD A DINNER IN THE BRAGDON ROOM. AFTER THE DINNER THEY PLAYED A GREAT GAME OF PINATA.

CHRISTMAS PARTY!!!!!



EARLY CHILD EDUCATION CLUB





It was a first for Lasell when the student activities brought rollerskating to Winslow Hall. Those who attended had a fantastic time and plenty of bruises to prove they participated.











Rockwell Child Study Center







Retail Field Work









Behind motionless photographs there were busy schedules of students who took part in the Retail Field Work. Emily Renz, Patrica Wells, Debbie Kline, and Dawn Hayward learn about the organizations where they were employed.



Externship: Medical Assistants







Nursing









IT TAKES ALL TYPES

The braver members of the student body, faculty and administration gathered in Winslow Hall to donate blood. The bloodmobile was sponsored by the Lasell Student Government.







MERRY CHRISTMAS



NASON

This years door decorating contest was won by the girls from McClelland. Congratulations.

Gardner





Pickard



Briggs



McClelland





















The many faces of Lasell . . .







































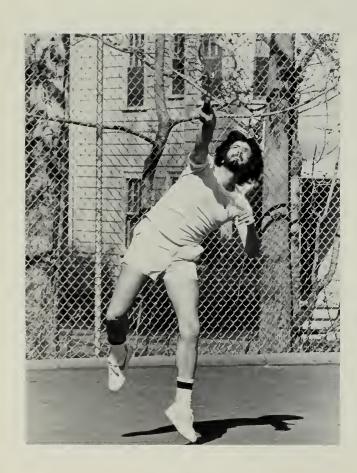












FACULTY

SCIENCE



Linda Bard

NOT PICTURED Nancy Morello



Sylvia Goodman





SOCIAL RELATIONS



Louise Casey



Sylvia MacPhee

NOT PICTURED Ronni Michaelson



Susan Alt

ENGLISH



David Grace Chairman



George Lane

Esta Sofman



Kenneth Matheson



NOT PICTURED Anne Tagge



Leonie Bennett Chairman

FINE ARTS



David Barbero



Elizabeth Iarrobino



Frank Taylor



Jacqueline Saunders



Paul Petricone

SECRETARIAL STUDIES



Margaret Ford Chairman



Sebastian Mignosa

NOT PICTURED Willian Moderi



Sadia Webman



Katherine Cotter



Jenny Koulouris

Irene Jackmauh



Ronald Moynahan



Ann Colatuono



RETAILING



Kenneth Bennett Chairman



Edwin Bloom



Sumner Freedman

NOT PICTURED Peter Quinn

SOCIAL RELATIONS



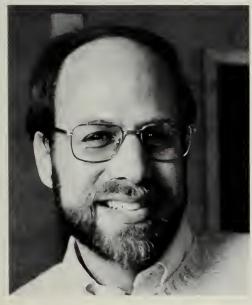
Stephen Zubrod



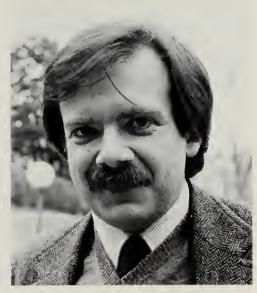
Thomas Perry



Lorrie Sullivan Chairman



Richard Stellar



Martin Epstein

FOREIGN LANGUAGES



Lydia Kavanagh Chairman



Yolanda Goldman

HISTORY

Joseph Aieta Chairman



Barbara Long



PHYSICAL THERAPY



Nancy Cardinalli

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Cynthia Beaudoin



Jean Watt Chairman



Jeanne Cousins



NURSING FACULTY



Linda Spinks, Jayne Brown, Rosarie Ducey, Kathy Malek, Kay Miller, Constance Milner-Coordinator, Norma MacLeod, Louise Stevvins, Mary Bevilacqua, Marilyn Kelly, Dianne Sullivan, Nancy Starfos, Deborah O'Conner, Ann Pollock.

NOT PICTURED Carolyn Rosen



Helen O'Keefe



Louise Hamilton

NOT PICTURED Ervin Hoffart



Jan Singer





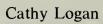
Anne Rollins

STUDY

CHILD



Barbara Levy





Elaine Cavanaugh
Director — Child Study Center
Rockwell

Janet Wilson



FASHION DESIGN

Mary Good



LASELL SECURITY



Dick Allen



Ed Merideth



Sgt. John McCarthy



Saga Food Service



L.J.C. Bookstore



Buildings and Grounds

She needs a dose of patience, for she wants things here and now, wants the earth revolving faster, wants its destination known, hates the waiting, hates the anticipation.

She's vibrant and she's lethargic, and as lazy as they come.
Cobwebs collect on school books.
Don't open them, and destroy the intricate lacing of the spider's work.

Lazy, too lazy to help in the building of its maze.

She's as moody as the ocean, as the ebb and flow of tides; she needs the discipline, that the moon gives the waves.

Jan Abrams





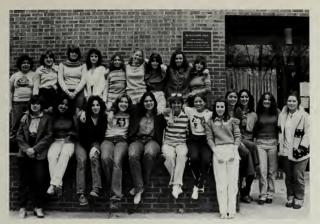
KARANDON



CARPENTER



ORDWAY



McCLELLAND



WOODLAND



BLAISDELL



CONVERSE



GARDNER



CHANDLER



NASON



HOAG



PICKARD



BRIGGS



VISTA

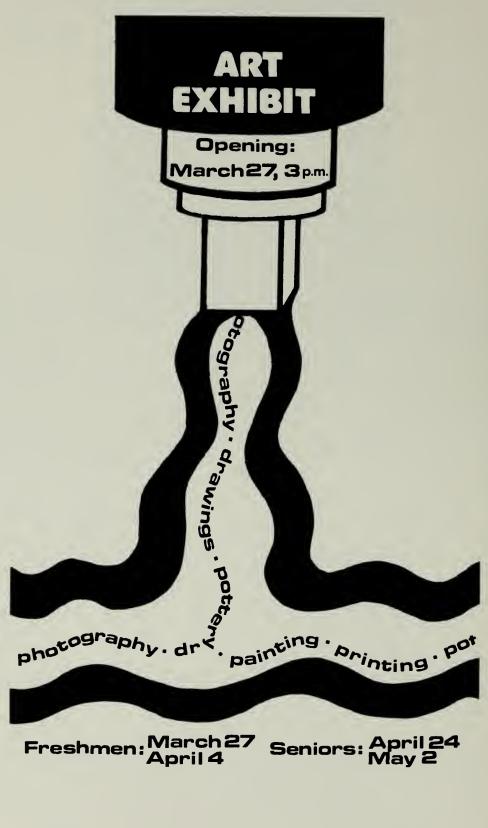


NEW DORM



A new look for the old locker room.



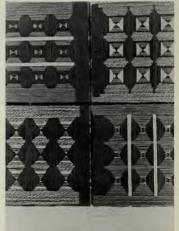


Freshmen: March 27 Seniors: April 24 May 2













On April 8th, the Lasell community was invited to attend a lecture given by Edwin Newman. The appearance of Newman on radio and television brought many interested listeners who filled Winslow Hall to capacity.











Alumnae visit Lasell.











A stolen weekend, My only chance to see you. How the telephone deceives. While we cannot see one another, Our love and trust diminishes. I'm growing away from you, You complain.

An yet that one weekend, Time spent mostly en route, I carefully rehearse for what will never happen.

My watch warns me
There is no time, time, time.
Each moment spent
And still I cannot answer you.
I will have to leave soon
As your proposal drives me
Away from you.

A fear there is no simple answer, or that I will, in a moment of desperation, say yes, yes, yes.

And now I am someone else; Cool, calculating. I will find every reason in this world not to say yes, but none to say no — yet.

No, I still cannot say yes. This is how I lie, lie, lie And say maybe, some day

J. Cormuss







Rollerskating II









SPRING WEEKEND

Date: April 12, 1980

Time: 8:00 P.M. — 1:00 A.M.

Place: Holiday Inn

Spring weekend was a huge success for those who participated in the events. The semi-formal got underway with a cocktail hour (I.d.'s required), and then everyone enjoyed a prime rib dinner. Music was provided by SECOND SOCIETY.



















The Holiday Inn had a busy weekend. Many rooms were reserved by students for pre and post semi-formal parties. And as usual, there was a clown in every crowd. After all, what's a party without someone ending up wearing a lampshade?









I wonder which is harder to be the mother, or the daughter? We want to please each other, but so many times what I want, is not what she has in mind.

How many times I've brought him home, so proud, but anticipating, searching through words for some small clue and fearing negative abstract thinking. I want so badly for her to like the person I love, and be happy I have found the joy of loving, and being loved right back.

There is always something.

He's not quite right,
he'll never be the one.

Go out and dance, meet some men!

But mom, I'm happy,
I'm in love, and I'm having fun!



When the representatives of your class first asked me to speak to you tonight I was flattered but caught off guard. I agreed. I said, "yes." I thought it would be a marvelous opportunity to say some last important things to you all about, well, about what? Most of the important things have already been said. All the things that all the Faculty have tried to say to you, in terms of the class you have taken, have been said. So what was I to Say? Would I be a stand up comic act for ten or fifteen minutes of prime Senior Banquet time? Would I engage in a scholarly discourse on the Atomic weight of neutrinos? Would I plung into a morbid economic prophecy of the coming, or present recession? Would I review a poem of T.S. Eliot's omening a dire end to the civilization that we all hold near and dear? Well no, certainly not. I wouldn't dream of tainting your Senior Banquet with predictions of the end of everything. I wouldn't be caught at the lectern, in such company, speaking to the Seniors of what the future holds or how well prepared you are to face that future. The future which lies just beyond the confines of the campus, just beyond Woodland Road, just over the next hill, just round the next twist in the road, just a few miles from the city of Bosron, New York, Moscow, Peking, Sydney, Tabas, Belfast, Saigon, Johannesburg, Caire, Jerusalem, Teheran.

I will, instead, speak to you of responsibility and commitment. The responsibility and commitment which will be required of you as women in the world, as women who will be faced and challenged by the unalterable facts of the reality of the world beyond the campus; the world which beckons you from the security of a life protected from the world — which you have enjoyed at Lasell.

Those of you whom I have had in class should remember that, occasionally, I discuss characters in literature as representatives of individuals in real life who have become victimized by something called the "happy consciousness." Now the "happy consciousness" is a particularly insidious perceptual disorder. It invades the strongest of us. It is reinforced by capitalistic commercialism, by the Six O'Clock News, by the NBC Sunday Night Movie, by the usual aspects of mindless American perfection; agelessness, pure skin, infinite wealth, two Ferraris in every garage. The "happy consciousness" works particularly well with young people who are the most heavily targeted group of consumers that the individuals on Madison Avenue have set their sights on. The "happy consciousness" is also peculiarly and specifically American



in origin and development. It makes its victims view the world through photo rose glasses, those glasses which turn a delightful shade of metaphorical pink when you step outside and fail to see the poverty of the spirit, the degredation of the self, the hopelessness and alienation and the lack of commitment all around us. I'm OK, you're OK, We're all OK. OK? No, not OK. Anything but OK.

Our fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

but in ourselves.1

Now Shakespeare knew of what he spake. He knew that it is impossible to blame what is our own personal, greedily hoarded faults, on someone or something else. My first Semester Freshman have the annoying habit, as they have at any school, of searching me out to tell me; "Mr. Grace, I won't be in glass on Friday. I have to go to a wedding in Tee Neck and my shoes aren't right." Come on Carol, Kimberly, Susan, Nancy, Kathy, take the responsibility on yourself to cut class. And don't get me wrong, most do. But for those who don't or who didn't I hope you have successfully wormed that particular aspect of the "happy consciousness" out of your collective collegiate systems. Take the responsibility for what you do or don't do. Do not, under any circumstances, palm it off on fellow students, fellow workers, teachers, or administrators.

Why not

Take arms against a sea of troubles and by

Opposing end them.2

Hamlet was arguing with himself about how to conduct his life and very possibly how to conduct his death. He was right at the core of what Shakespeare wanted his audience to hear and see and understand. What to do? How do I proceed with my life? Whatever the answer it lies with you and no one else . . . no one else.

Lack of commitment and responsibility can lead you to spend marathon sessions with Pink Floyd listening to

We don't need no education.

We don't need no thought control.

No dark sarcasm of the classroom.

Teacher, leave them kids alone.3

Well, we have not left you alone. And we have no intention of sending you out into the world as just

another brick in the wall. You are not bricks in the wall. You have free wills and are not fated by enormous forces beyond your control to do certain things or think certain things which are not yours to do or to think.

But, one thing has changed. You will no longer find yourselves entering a world in which America is omnipotent. There is no longer a gigantic Pax Americana circumventing the globe with unlimited force cowering other nations with great shows of strength, don't misunderstand me; but there are other nations too with great shows to put on as well. Not the least of which is going on now, even as I speak, half a world away, in the rapidly disintegrating country of Iran where the Imam is still delusioned into considering the United States as the Great Satan. The Great Satan, to the Imam's manifest surprise, will be the Soviet Union, itching for the chance to partition Iran into non existence. And our brothers and sisters, held against their wills, continue to be the badly used pawns in the great game of national recrimination.

Where does responsibility and commitment enter into that conflict? It enters via the broad doorway of information, which, by being committed and responsible citizens, you are required to know.

America was not made to have its dreams and aspirations and soldiers blown up in some god forsaken desert in a god forsaken corner of a god forsaken country run amok by madmen who call themselves holymen. We are a better nation than that and we have suffered a great humiliation. It will now take even greater patience and even greater fortitude than we have previously shown to secure our brothers' and sisters' release from bondage. Are you ready for being committed to that great goal? I think you are, not by being drafted but by responsible citizens who can help to shape public opinion and, in so far as it is possible, to help shape public policy. It is **not** beyond you. It is as accessible as you wish it to be.

The Faculty has done what it could to prepare you for responsibility and commitment. We have given all the lectures and given all the tests, and corrected all the tests and looked at all the themes and the lab reports and the art projects. But, there is always a lingering doubt about whether we have done enough. This is the haunting image of every Faculty member's dreams. Are they really ready for the eighties?

With apologies to Ernest Hemingway I offer you the Faculty's prayer. You certainly remember Frederic Henry, Hemingway's character from A Farewell to Arms. Frederic, at the end of the novel, prays for his love Catherine. Catherine is laboring away in childbirth, locked in some remote part of a hospital. This is Frederic's prayer, transliterated to us the Faculty and to what, I think, I think, we all feel, as we send you away:

But what if she is unprepared? She's not unprepared. Yes, but what if she is unprepared? Don't be a fool. It's just a bad time. It's just nature giving her hell. Why would she be unprepared. What reason is there for her to be unprepared? There's just a future that has to be born. It makes trouble and then you look after it and get fond of it, maybe. But what if she is unprepared? She's not unprepared. She's prepared. She's all right. But what if she is unprepared? Hey, what about that? What if she is unprepared?⁴

The Faculty are not omnipotent either. We have our doubts, our questions, our recrimination directed against ourselves. But we have tried and you have as well. This is, after all, a community of people who try, in their various ways, to do the best for you. We fail and we succedd but our successes greatly outweigh our failures. You're here. This is the Senior Banquet.

We Faculty have seen you go through a profound and traumatic metamosphosis here at Lasell. I remember some of you as I walked into class in September, nearly two years ago. You were sitting there in absolute frozen horror, speechless with terror at the sight of the TEACHER. All of a sudden everything was very wrong. You decided, instantly, that this was the wrong place to be. You wanted to be back in the womb of all your rock and roll high school buddies at the Saturday football game where your team was defeating the evil ones from across town. That silence of the first class is something no Faculty member ever forgets. The year brought less silence and more talk, not all of it always directed toward what was being discussed. But, at least the silence was gone. And then, magically, when you became Seniors, there was a newly found sureness in your manner.

I am always at a loss to explain what happens between academic years: Freshmen to capable young women, to relatively poised students ready to parry an instructor's question with some degree of skill.

All of us here at Lasell who have had anything to do with your education are very proud of all of you, transfer and ending student alike. We all pray that you show the world that you're not scared. We pray that you exhibit the virtues of courage and perserverence and responsibility and commitment. I trust that you're all registered to vote and will vote in the Fall. It'll be Mr. Reagan or Mr. Carter.

The future is barreling down Woodland Road close to the speed of light. It will be here before you know it and only after you leave will you be fully aware of what has happened to you. As Will Shakespeare said:

Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore,

So do our minutes hasten to their end,

Each changing place with that which goes before.5

Shall I give you any advice? If I do it is in the form of wishing that you hold some part of yourselves in reserve; that you do not "wear your hearts upon your sleeves." If you do life can and often does turn into a "death trap, a suicide rap."

So, off you go into the wild blue yonder, into the America that, according to Abe Lincoln was still, "the

last best hope of mankind."

You are all A's at Lasell; all Associates. With time the world will teach you the rest of the alphabet. For all of you, commencement means beginning. The best is yet to be. It is the best of times. It is the worst of times. But most of all it is your time. As the poet said, "I learn by going where I have to go."

And finally, I think Jean Paul Sarte said it best:

Perhaps one day, thinking precisely of this hour, of this hour in which I wait, perhaps I shall feel my heart beat faster and say to myself, "That was the day, that was the hour, when it all started." And I might succeed in accepting myself.⁷

So, dear Seniors, respect, love, and peace to you all.

Thank you very much.

— David Grace — 5-2-80

¹William Shakespear, "Julius Caesar," Act I, scene 2.

²William Shakespeare, "Hamlet," Act III, scene I.

³Pink Floyd, "Another Brick in the Wall," **The Wall**.

⁴Ernest Hemingway, A Farewell to Arms (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1919), pp. 321-2.

⁵William Shakespeare, Sonnet 60.

⁶Theodore Roethke

⁷Jean Paul Sartre, Nausea (New York: New Directions, 1964), p. 238.

SENIOR BANQUET





The Torchlight parade followed the Senior Banquet









M.A. and M.L.T.
Pinning Ceremony





Nurses' Pinning









Commencement
May 11, 1980
It all began with the procession of faculty and students down Maple Street to awaiting friends, relatives and diplomas at Winslow Field.













CONGRATULATIONS!





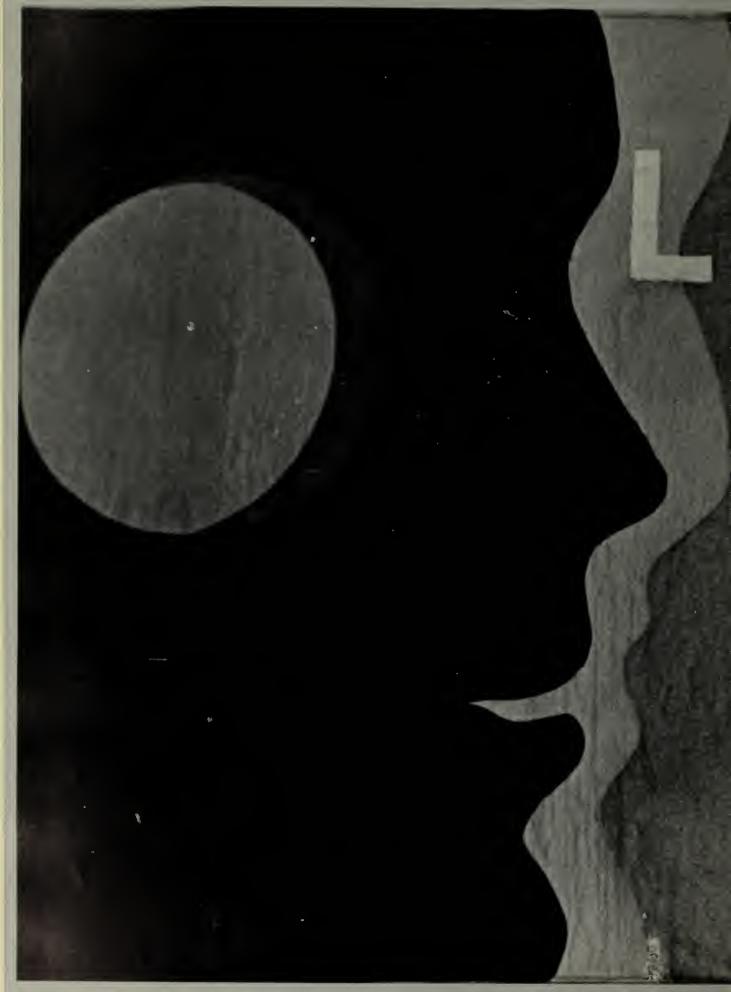












I E L L

CIRSS

OF BER

ALMA MATER

Firmly bound by bonds unbroken, Love for Old Lasell, Take we now a pledge outspoken E'er to guard her well.

Alma Mater, fidelitas!

Pledge, girls, for loyalty!

Sing we now before we part,

We'll ever faithful be.

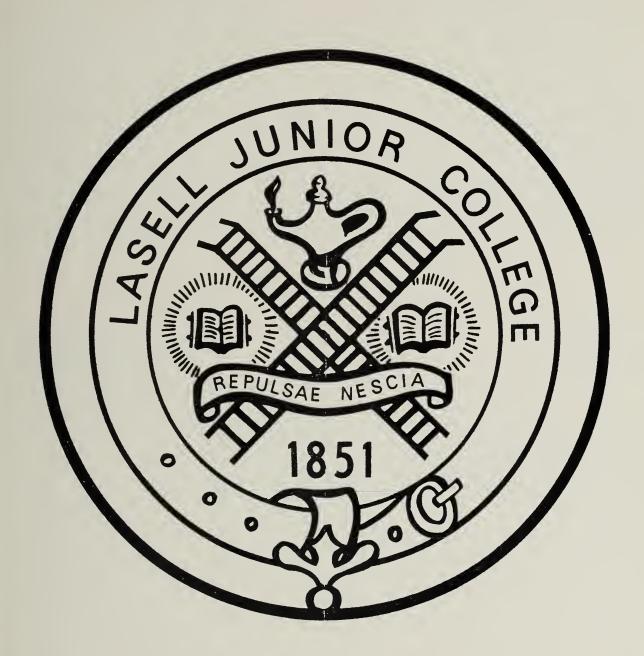
Bright school days are quickly past; Enjoy them while you may, Mem'ries still shall them outlast, When we are far away.

Alma Mater, fidelitas!

Pledge, girls, for loyalty!

Sing we now before we part,

We'll ever faithful be.



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I would like to thank the students who allowed us to publish their poems for this yearbook. I would also like to thank Cindy Carpenter and Valerie Kimball for their help in finishing the yearbook, and many thanks go out to Nancy Bergheim and Linda Savanauskas for their time and effort all year long. And special thanks to Dick Sweich who had an over abundance of patience with us throughout the year.

Annette Kania Editor

